



“It Was Nearer Forty,” and Then I Am Arrested!”

“Really, it’s true, though,” says he.  
 “Wha-a-at!” I gasps. “Grandmother pinched?”  
 “I’ve just got word,” says he, “and I’m so upset I don’t know what to do. I’ve never had any experience with this sort of thing, and—well, I’m sure I don’t know how it was I came to think of you; but—”  
 “That’s all right,” says I. “No apologies. I’m interested, all right. What particular green lights did she send in the call from?”  
 “The Morrisania station,” says he.  
 “I see,” says I. “Up in Goatville. But what’s the charge?”  
 “Speeding,” says Witherbee.  
 “Oh!” says I. “She means it’s a case of the chauffeur bein’ nipped while she was in the car.”  
 “Not at all,” says he. “She was driving it herself.”  
 “Gwan!” says I. “Why, I thought you told me the old girl was a dead one, an antique?”  
 “Yes, yes, perhaps I did,” breaks in Witherbee. “But I can’t stop to explain now. She’s in jail, you know, and I want to know how to get her out.”  
 “Why, that’s simple,” says I. “Chase up there with a couple of hundred-dollar bills and put up cash bail.”

WITHERBEE is so rattled, though, and he begs so hard, that I has to promise to go along too; so I agrees to jump on the subway and meet him there in

nalf an hour. Seems he had to send to the bank first, though, and with him being so far downtown, I arrived on the scene all alone.

“Hello, Sergeant!” says I. “Where’s the lady road burner that was gathered in about an hour ago?”

“Oh, her!” says he. “She’s in the Captain’s office. First door to the left. Walk right in.”

I wa’n’t anxious. Soothin’ hysterical old girls ain’t exactly in my line, and first off I thinks maybe I’d wait for Witherbee. But then, when I thinks how maybe it’ll cheer her up to know that the rescue expedition is on the way, I blazes ahead in.

But, say, I hadn’t more’n got a glimpse of the party sittin’ calm and contented over by the window, than I loses my breath all in one gasp. For it’s my swell lady passenger that I’d carried out to Witherbee’s!

“You!” says I, and I guess by the way she smiled I must have looked some foolish.

“Absurd, isn’t it?” says she. “But how was I to know you had such silly speed laws here? Besides, I thought that fellow on the motor cycle was looking for a race. ‘You were going over twenty miles an hour!’ says he, after we had been held up by a lot of dirt wagons. ‘Twenty!’ says I. ‘It was nearer forty.’ And then I am arrested. Why, out home I drive as fast as I please, and no one interferes. You have such bully avenues to speed on, too! It’s a shame! Awfully good of you to

come up. Son Witherbee’s on the way, I presume?”

I nods. “But—but see here,” says I, “I didn’t know it was you. He said it was Grandmother.”

At which she throws her head back and laughs hearty. “That’s so,” says she. “And I suppose I mustn’t mind if he does call me that. But I’m not quite used to it yet. It’s hard for me to realize. You see, I’m rather a novice in the role.”

“Then—then it’s so, is it?” says I. “You are a—a—”

“Oh, surely,” says she. “I can’t deny that Mabel has two children. They’re little dears, too, and I am quite proud of them. Now that my son Harry is married too—well, there isn’t such a thing as a double grandmother, is there?”

“If there was,” says I, “it would be dead easy for you to prove an alibi. Excuse my mentionin’ it, but you don’t look the part.”

“Thanks,” says she, “and I don’t feel in the least grandmotherly. Perhaps I should. But, you see, I’ve tried not to let my children grow away from me. I didn’t want to be left behind. I’ve gone to dances with them, played their games with them, made their friends mine, and kept up with things as they came along. And since I’ve had only Harry left at home perhaps I’ve given such things more attention. He says I can do the Boston dip as well as any of the girls he knows; and, although he beats me at tennis, I have an eighteen-hole golf score that he has yet to better. But, of course, I have more time to keep in form than Harry does. And keep in form I mean to, just as long as I can. I’ll admit to being fifty, and I don’t try to hide the gray in my hair; but I’m not going on the shelf yet, even if I am a grandmother!”

“No danger,” says I. “But, say, it just strikes me that you must have thought I talked some fresh the other day. Guess I had you mixed with—”

“I know,” says she, “Cousin Sibyl. Yes, she came on the next train, and was awfully bored when she found Grandmother had arrived. But since I beat her five up at golf, and gave her a few points on auction bridge, and showed her how to make a little thirty-horsepower roadster hit a fifty-mile-an-hour clip, Sibyl has revised her views. Dear Cousin Sibyl endured me for two whole days, and then went away somewhere for a rest, taking her cigarettes with her. She’s rather a different type, I suppose, from— Why, hello, here’s Son Witherbee! Well, I hope you brought enough to bail me out?”

“It’s all settled,” says Witherbee, wipin’ his brow. “I’ve put up two hundred with the Sergeant. And now, Grandmother, if—”

“Now please, Walter!” she cuts in. “Call me Mother if you must; but, as Harry would say, for the love of soup cut out that grandmother business!”

I WAS talkin’ it over with Sadie last night, tellin’ what a joke it was on Witherbee to have her go out and make a monkey of him on the golf course, and all that—and what do you suppose?

“Well, I must say,” remarks Sadie, “that isn’t my idea of a perfectly good grandmother!”

“Ain’t, eh?” says I. “Then you ain’t keepin’ up with the procession. That’s the new 1912 model, that is! And, say, I’ll bet, when it comes your turn, that’s the kind of a grandmother you’ll be, too.”

“Humph!” says she, tossin’ her head. “How about the kind of grandpa you’ll be? Have you decided on that?”

“Me?” says I, my jaw droppin’ as the idea sunk in. “Me a grand— Ah, say, Sadie! Can it! What’s the use diggin’ up such foolish thoughts?”

## PHYSICAL FITNESS

The only way for a rich man to be healthy is by exercise and abstinence—to live as if he were poor.

—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.



HERE are more rich men in this country today than there were in the entire civilized world when the foregoing words were uttered. Furthermore, the laboring man of the present day has within his reach many of the luxuries that could be enjoyed only by the wealthy in Sir William Temple’s time; while the man of average income can now command labor-saving and body-destroying indulgences undreamed of by the seventeenth century diplomat or his wealthy contemporaries.

There is a certain menace in our prosperity, in our wonderful inventions, which increases mental activity while encouraging physical sluggishness. This may seem heretical, indeed almost blasphemous, to the hysterical mourners over the “high cost of living”; but it is undeniable that nations, like individuals, change their standards of living as their prosperity increases, and the “luxuries” insensibly becomes the “necessities” as the income grows.

Momently we are confronted by the danger attending conditions that promote increased nervous and mental strain, accompanied by dietetic excesses; while the invitations to physical exertion are cut off on every side. How many dyspeptic, overfed, corpulent housewives have not the telephone and automobile developed? All the gossip of the neighborhood, as well as all the supplies of the market, are now available without the

advantages of the exercise attendant upon neighborly visits or shopping excursions on foot.

But how about the gospel of fresh air and the modern enthusiasm for athletics? Have these tendencies had no neutralizing influence? Assuredly they have; but such influence has been exerted almost wholly upon young people and a limited number of their elders who regularly follow some sport such as golf. The law of the economy of effort governs such matters, and modern conveniences divert the average man from the stimulus to that physical exertion which is necessary not only to maintain the chemical exchanges in the tissues, but to serve as a safety valve for the brain and nervous system.

### Exercising for Muscle or Health

JUST notice the fellow with bulging biceps demonstrating various athletic apparatus in shop windows! The apparatus is usually commendable, as such things go; but do not let the demonstrator stand for your ideal of physical fitness, unless you intend to be a piano mover. Even in that uplifting profession the trained, intelligent muscle will do more effective work than vast bundles of fiber that constitute a real burden, consuming nutrition and energy that are needed by other tissues. These wonderful muscular results of physical culture gone mad, are comparable to the mental condition aptly termed “parasitic culture.” In such condition the mind is crowded with a vast amount of learning which is never utilized in the regular lifework nor in one’s lighter avocations maybe, while the special brain development that follows, with its nutritional demands, distinctly limits the mental capacity for practical affairs. Thus the learned man really may be poorly educated and badly equipped for his daily work, just as the well muscled man may be physically out of adjustment with

his environment, his big muscles constituting veritable parasites, not paying for their keep.

It is necessary, therefore, to distinguish between rational exercise and mere “stunts.” In making such distinction, a little knowledge of the physiological effect of exercise is desirable; although it is not well to be too analytical in such matters, or, as a witty Frenchman has expressed it, “to watch oneself live.”

It has been demonstrated that physical exertion powerfully influences cell metabolism, or the processes of waste and repair in the tissues. A contracting muscle cell throws off acid waste products which are carried by the blood current to every tissue and organ in the body. Some of these substances, notably carbon dioxide (carbonic acid) are termed “hormones,” and it is believed that they have a stimulating effect upon the nerve centers, increasing the functional activity of the various organs. For example, an increased quantity of carbon dioxide in the circulation acts as a stimulant to the nerve center that presides over respiration, and the breathing is accelerated and deepened. It is thought that these waste products and hormones contribute to that feeling of *bienaise* which is experienced by those who keep physically fit. The high spirits of young people, and possibly their rapid growth, are due to the influence of these hormones upon highly responsive nerve centers.

The final effect of a normal production of cellular waste products is a healthy, “tired feeling,” ending in sleep. As the body cells are depleted by the loss of these waste products, a demand is created for repair material, and in this way the nutritive elements in the blood, derived from the respiratory and digestive processes, are utilized.

Now it can easily be understood that excessive exer-

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